THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SMITH.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

CONTAINING HIS

POEM TO MEM. OF J. PHILIPS, ODE FOR THE YEAR 1705, AND OTHER ODES, CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO, PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO, POCOCKIUS, &c. &c. &c.

Ev'n I, tho' flow to touch the painful ftring,
Awake from flumber and attempt to fing. TO MEM. OF J. PHILIPS.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Prefs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

THE LIFE OF

EDMUND SMITH.

This diſtinguiſhed poet was ſon of an eminent merchant, one Mr. Neal, by a daughter of Baron Lechemere. The year of his birth is unknown, but he was born at Handley in Worceſterſhire, the ſeat of the Lechemeres. Some misfortunes of his father, which were ſoon followed by his death, occaſioned our Author's being left very young in the care of a near relation (one who married Mr. Neal's mother, whoſe name was Smith.)

This gentleman treated him with as much tenderneſs as if he had been his own child, and placed him at Weſtminſter-ſchool under the care of Dr. Buſby. After the death of his generous guardian (whoſe name in gratitude he thought proper to aſſume) he was removed to Chriſt-Church in Oxford, and was there by his aunt handſomely ſupported till her death, after which he continued a member of that learned ſociety till within five years of his own. Some time before his leaving Chriſt-Church he was ſent for by his mother to Worceſter, and acknowledged by her as a legitimate ſon. We chuſe to mention this circumſtance in order to wipe off the aſperſion which folly and ignorance caſt upon his birth.

In honour to Mr. Smith it ſhould be remembered, that when he ſtood a candidate for one of the univerſities at the Weſtminſter election he ſo peculiarly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his conſpicuous performances that there aroſe no ſmall contention between the repreſentative electors of Trinity-College in Cambridge and Chriſt-Church College in Oxon which of thoſe two illuſtrious ſocieties ſhould adopt him as their own: but the electors of Trinity-College having the preference of choice that year they reſolutely elected him; but being invited at the ſame time to Chriſt-Church, Mr. Smith choſe to accept of a ſtudentſhip there.

He paſſed through the exerciſes of the college and the univerſity with unuſual applauſe; and though he often ſuffered his friends to call him off from his retirement, yet his return to his ſtudies was ſo much the more paſſionate, and his love of reading and thinking being ſo vehement, the habit grew upon him, and the ſeries of meditation and reflection being kept up whole weeks together, he could better arrange his ideas, and take in ſundry parts of a ſcience at one view, without interruption or confuſion. Some of his acquaintance who were pleaſed to diſtinguiſh between the wit and the ſcholar extolled him altogether on account of the firſt of theſe excellencies, but others who were more candid admired him as a prodigy in both. He had acquired reputation in the ſchools both as a philoſopher

and polemick of extensive knowledge and deep penetration, and went through all the courses with a proper regard to the dignity and importance of each science †.

Mr. Smith had a long and perfect intimacy with all the Greek and Latin Classicks, with whom he had industriously compared whatever was worth perusing in the French, Spanish, and Italian, and all the celebrated writers in his own country. He considered the Ancients and Moderns not as parties or rivals for fame, but as architects upon one and the same plan, the art of poetry. If he did not always commend the compositions of others it proceeded not from illnature, (for that was foreign to his temper) but a strict regard to justice would not suffer him to call a few flowers elegantly adorned, without much art and less genius, by so distinguished a name as poetry. He was of Ben Johnson's opinion, who could not admire

——Verses as smooth and soft as cream,
In which there was neither depth nor stream.

Mr. Smith's Bodleian Oration has shewn the world how great a master he was of Ciceronian eloquence.

† We must observe in this note, notwithstanding of what is said in the text, that the indecency of Smith's behaviour, while only a Bachelor, drew upon him, Dec. 1694, a publick admonition, preparatory to his expulsion; that he took his Master's degrees 8th July 1696; that on 24th April 1700 the Dean and Chapter declared his place void; and that with all his fooleries he was endured till 20th Dec. 1705, when the sentence was put in execution.

"Since Temple and Roscommon (says Mr. Oldisworth) "no man understood Horace better, especially as to "his happy diction, rolling numbers, beautiful ima- "gery, and alternate mixture of the soft and sublime. "His friend Mr. Philips's Ode to Mr. St. John, after "the manner of Horace's Lusory or Amatorian Odes, "is certainly a masterpiece; but Mr. Smith's Pocock- "ius is of the sublimer kind, though like Waller's "writings upon Cromwell it wants not the most de- "licate and surprising turns peculiar to the person "praised."

He was an excellent judge of humanity, and so good a historian that in familiar conversation he would talk over the most memorable facts in antiquity, the lives, actions, and characters, of celebrated men, with amazing facility and accuracy. As he had carefully read and distinguished Thuanus's works, so he was able to copy after him; and his talent in this kind was so generally confessed that he was made choice of by some great men to write a history which it was their interest to have executed with the utmost art and dexterity; but this design was dropped, as Mr. Smith would not sacrifice truth to the caprice and interested views of a party †.

† There was once a design to have made Smith useful. One evening as he was sitting with a friend at a tavern he was called down by the waiter. Having staid some time below he came up thoughtful, and after a pause said to his friend, "He that want-

Our Author's poem condoling the Death of Mr. Philips is full of the nobleſt beauties, and pays a juſt tribute to the venerable aſhes of that great man. Mr. Smith had contracted for Mr. Philips the moſt perfect friendſhip, a paſſion of which he was very ſuſceptible, and whoſe laws he conſidered as ſacred and inviolable.

In the year 1707 Mr. Smith's tragedy called Phædra and Hippolitus was acted at the theatre-royal. This play was introduced upon the ſtage at a time when the Italian opera ſo much engroſſed the attention of the polite world that ſenſe was ſacrificed to ſound. It was dreſſed and decorated at an extraordinary expenſe—and inimitably performed in all its parts by Betterton, Booth, Barry, and Oldfield, yet it brought but few and ſlender audiences.—To ſay truth it was a fine poem, but not an extraordinary play. Notwithſtanding the intrinſick merit of this piece, and the countenance it met with from the moſt ingenious men of the age, yet it languiſhed on the ſtage, and was ſoon neglected. Mr. Addiſon wrote the prologue, in which he rallies the vitiated taſte of the

"ed me below was Addiſon, whoſe buſineſs was to tell me that "a Hiſtory of the Revolution was intended, and to propoſe that "I ſhould undertake it. I ſaid, What ſhall I do with the cha-"racter of Lord Sunderland? and Addiſon immediately re-"turned, When, Ragg, were you drunk laſt? and immediately "went away."

publick in preferring the unideal entertainment of an opera to the genuine ſenſe of a Britiſh poet *.

Mr. Smith had indeed ſome defects in his conduct, which thoſe are more apt to remember who could imitate him in nothing elſe †. Amongſt the blemiſhes of an innocent kind which attended Mr. Smith was his extreme careleſſneſs in the particular of dreſs: this oddity procured him the name of Captain Ragg. His perſon was ſo well formed, and he poſſeſſed ſo much natural gracefulneſs, that notwithſtanding the diſadvantage of his appearance he was called by the ladies The Handſome Sloven.

It is to be wondered at (ſays Mr. Oldiſworth) that a man under poverty, calamities, and diſappointments, could make ſo many friends, and thoſe ſo truly valuable. He had indeed a noble idea of the paſſion of friendſhip, in the ſucceſs of which conſiſted the greateſt if not the only happineſs of his life. He was ſerene and cheerful under the diſpenſations of Providence; he avoided having any dealings with mankind

* Lintot, who bought this play, advanced the price from fifty guineas, the current price, to ſixty, and Lord Halifax accepted the dedication, which Smith's indolence kept him from finiſhing till Lintot threatened to publiſh without it; it was therefore written, and Halifax, looking for the Author and his book, had prepared to reward him with a place of 300*l.* a-year; the infatuated Author neglected to attend his patron, and thus miſſed reward by his indolence in neglecting to ſolicit it.

† See note, p. vii.

in which he could not be juſt, and therefore refuſed to embrace ſome opportunities of amending his fortune†.

Upon Mr. Smith's coming to Town no man was more ſurrounded by all thoſe who really had or pretended to wit, or more courted by the great men who had then a power and opportunity of encouraging arts and ſciences. Mr. Smith's character grew upon his friends by intimacy, and exceeded the ſtrongeſt prepoſſeſſions which had been conceived in his favour. A few years before his death Mr. Smith engaged in ſome conſiderable undertakings, in all which he raiſed expectations in the world which he lived not to gratify. Mr. Oldiſworth obſerves that he had ſeen about ten ſheets of Pindar tranſlated into Engliſh, which he ſays exceeded any thing of that kind he could ever hope for in our language. He had drawn out a plan for a tragedy of Lady Jane Gray, and had written ſeveral ſcenes of it, a ſubject afterwards nobly executed by Mr. Rowe. His greateſt undertaking was Longinus, which he executed in a very maſterly manner. He propoſed a large addition to this work of Notes and Obſervations of his own, with an entire ſyſtem of the art of poetry in three books, under the title of Thoughts, Action, and Figure. In this work he propoſed to reform the art of rhetorick, by reducing that confuſed heap of terms with which a long ſucceſſion

† See note, p. viii.

of pedants had incumbered the world to a very narrow compass, comprehending all that was useful and ornamental in poetry under each head and chapter. He intended to make remarks upon all the Ancients and Moderns, the Greek, Latin, English, French, Spanish, and Italian, poets, and to animadvert upon their several beauties and defects.

Mr. Smith died in July 1710, in the forty-second year of his age, at the seat of George Ducket, Esq*. called Gartham, in Wiltshire, and was buried in the parish church there†. We shall give the character of

* This Mr. Ducket communicated to Mr. Oldmixon the historian an account, pretended to have been received from Smith, that Clarendon's History was in its publication corrupted by Aldrich, Smalridge, and Atterbury, and that Smith was employed to forge and insert the alterations. Oldmixon published this story, which was denied by Atterbury, and was afterwards fully refuted by Dr. Burton of Eaton, the testimonies which he has collected having convinced mankind that either Smith or Ducket were guilty of falsehood. Mr. Gilbert Walmsley, late Rector of the Ecclesiastical Court of Litchfield, who was acquainted both with Smith and Ducket, declared that if the tale concerning Clarendon were forged he should suspect Ducket; "for Ragg was a man of great veracity."

† It is said that at Mr. Ducket's house Smith indulged too freely in eating and drinking, and that resolving to ease himself by physick he wrote to an apothecary in the neighbourhood a prescription of a purge so forcible, that the apothecary declined furnishing it till he had given warning of its fatal tendency. Smith treated the notice with contempt, and swallowed his own medicine, which brought him to the grave at the place and in the month above-mentioned.

this celebrated poet in the words of Mr. Oldisworth. —"He had a quickneſs of apprehenſion and vivacity "of underſtanding which eaſily took in and ſurmount-"ed the moſt knotty parts of mathematicks and me-"taphyſicks: his wit was prompt and flowing, yet "ſolid and piercing; his taſte delicate, his head clear, "and his manner of expreſſing his thoughts perſpi-"cuous and engaging: an eager but generous emu-"lation grew up in him, which puſhed him upon ſtri-"ving to excel in every art and ſcience that could make "him a credit to his college; and it was his happineſs to "have ſeveral contemporaries and fellow ſtudents who "exerciſed and excited this virtue in themſelves and "others: his judgment, naturally good, ſoon ripened "into an exquiſite fineneſs and diſtinguiſhing ſagaci-"ty, which as it was active and buſy ſo it was vigorous "and manly, keeping even pace with a rich and ſtrong "imagination always on the wing, and never tired "with aſpiring. There are many of his firſt eſſays in "oratory, in epigram, elegy, and epick, ſtill handed "about the univerſity in manuſcript, which ſhew a "maſterly hand, though maimed and injured by fre-"quent tranſcribing. As his parts were extraordinary "ſo he well knew how to improve them, and not "only to poliſh the diamond but enchaſe it in the "moſt ſolid and durable metal.

"Though he was an academick the greateſt part "of his life yet he contracted no ſourneſs of temper,

"no tincture of pedantry, no itch of disputation, or "obstinate contention for the old or new philosophy, "no assuming way of dictating to others, which are "faults which some are insensibly led into who are "constrained to dwell within the walls of a private "college." Thus far Mr. Oldisworth, who has drawn the character of his deceased friend with a laudable fondness. Mr. Smith no doubt possessed the highest genius for poetry, but it is certain he had mixed but too little in life. He was upon the whole a good-natured man, a great poet, a finished scholar, and a discerning critick.

A Poem to the Memory of

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. MR. TREVOR †.

SIR,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
The bard who spread her fame to distant shores,
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
My honest zeal if not my verse commend;
Forgive the poet and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd;
One table fed you and one bed contain'd:
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee unwilling to the nauseous Town
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd;
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled Physick fail'd:
But since the will of Heav'n his fate decreed
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
Fruitless our hopes tho' pious our essays,
Your's to preserve a friend and mine to praise.
Oh might I paint him in Miltonian verse
With strains like those he sung on Glo'ster's hearse!
But with the meaner tribe I 'm forc'd to chime,
And wanting strength to rise descend to rhyme.

† This poem has been printed with those of J. Philips, Mr. Smith's intimate friend; but being of no great length is here repeated to complete Mr. Smith's poems.

With other fire his glorious Blenheim ſhines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines!
His nervous verſe great Boileau's ſtrength tranſcends,
And France to Philips as to Churchill bends.
Oh various Bard! you all our pow'rs control,
You now diſturb and now divert the ſoul;
Milton and Butler in thy Muſe combine;
Above the laſt thy manly beauties ſhine;
For as I 'ave ſeen when rival wits contend
One gayly charge, one gravely wiſe defend,
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
That with a look demure and ſteady eyes
With dry rebukes or ſneering praiſe replies;
So thy grave lines extort a juſter ſmile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but ſurpaſs his ſtyle:
He ſpeaks Scarron's low phraſe in humble ſtrains,
In thee the ſolemn air of grave Cervantes reigns.
What ſounding lines his abject themes expreſs!
What ſhining words the pompous Shilling dreſs!
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins riſe.
In her beſt light the Comick Muſe appears
When ſhe with borrow'd pride the buſkin wears.
So when Nurſe Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
With ſhambling legs, long chin, and fooliſh eyes,
With dangling hands he ſtrokes th' imperial robe,
And with a cuckold's air commands the globe,
The pomp and ſound the whole buffoon diſplay'd,
And Ammon's ſon more mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear Shade! the ſcene my folly draws,
Thy ſtrains divert the grief thy aſhes cauſe.
When Orpheus ſings the ghoſts no more complain,
But in his lulling muſick loſe their pain.
So charm the ſallies of thy Georgick Muſe,
So calm our ſorrows, and our joys infuſe;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inſpire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire;
Like that fair tree you praiſe the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.
Bleſt clime, which Vaga's fruitful ſtreams improve,
Etruria's envy and her Coſmo's love;
Redſtreak he quaffs beneath the Chianti vine,
Gives Tuſcan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Taſſo would exchange for thine.
Riſe, riſe, Roſcommon! ſee the Blenheim Muſe
The dull conſtraint of monkiſh rhyme refuſe,
See o'er the Alps his tow'ring pinions ſoar
Where never Engliſh poet reach'd before;
See mighty Coſmo's counſellor and friend
By turns on Coſmo and the bard attend;
Rich in the coins and buſts of ancient Rome
In him he brings a nobler treaſure home;
In them he views her gods and domes deſign'd,
In him the ſoul of Rome and Virgil's mighty mind;
To him for eaſe retires from toils of ſtate,
Not half ſo proud to govern as tranſlate.
Our Spenſer, firſt by Piſan poets taught,
To us their tales, their ſtyle, and numbers, brought.

To follow ours now Tuſcan bards deſcend,
From Philips borrow tho' to Spenſer lend;
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme diſdain;
They firſt on Engliſh bards impos'd the chain,
Firſt by an Engliſh bard from rhyme their freedom gain.
Tyrannick rhyme! that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the ſoft, the florid, and ſublime.
Some ſay this chain the doubtful ſenſe decides,
Confines the fancy and the judgment guides:
I'm ſure in needleſs bonds it poets ties,
Procruſtes like the axe or wheel applies
To lop the mangled ſenſe or ſtretch it into ſize:
At beſt a crutch that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble but retards the ſtrong,
And the chance thoughts when govern'd by the cloſe
Oft' riſe to fuſtian or deſcend to proſe.
Your judgment Philips! rul'd with ſteady ſway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme the Muſe to ſtay,
To ſtop her fury or direct her way;
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore
To wanton freely or ſecurely ſoar.
So the ſtretch'd cord the ſhackled dancer tries,
As prone to fall as impotent to riſe;
When freed he moves the ſturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleaſure and ſecure deſcends,
Now dropping ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant ground,
Now high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.
Rail on ye Triflers! who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, freſh cant, or modiſh air;

Rail on at Milton's ſon, who wiſely bold
Rejects new phraſes and reſumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenſer's ſtrains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns,
The ancient words the majeſty complete,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit is dreſt
Old myſtick emblems grace th' imperial veſt,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna ſtands confeſt.
  A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's and Batſon's and thro' Smithfield prais'd,
Cries out aloud—" Bold Oxford Bard! forbear
" With rugged numbers to torment my ear."
Yet not like thee the heavy critick ſoars,
But paints in fuſtian or in turn deplores,
With Bunyan's ſtyle profanes heroick ſongs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs,
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low proſe dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muſe, by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems and contrives the worſt.
  Beyond his praiſe or blame thy Works prevail,
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And Dryden oft' in rhyme his weakneſs hides.
You ne'er with gingling words deceive the ear,
And yet on humble ſubjects great appear.
Thrice happy Youth! whom noble Iſis crowns,
Whom Blackmore cenſures and Godolphin owns.

So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The liſt'ning nymphs and raviſh'd heroes hung,
But cits and fops the heav'nborn muſick blame,
And bawl, and hiſs, and damn her into fame:
Like her ſweet voice is thy harmonious ſong,
As high, as ſweet, as eaſy, and as ſtrong.
Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his days,
The tow'ring bard had ſung in nobler lays
How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread,
How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions ſhow,
And yawning gulfs with flaming vengeance glow,
And ſaints rejoice above and ſinners howl below.
Well might he ſing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear.
Oh! beſt of friends! will ne'er the ſilent urn
To our juſt vows the hapleſs youth return?
Muſt he no more divert the tedious day,
Nor ſparkling thoughts in antick words convey?
No more to harmleſs irony deſcend,
To noiſy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in falſe pathetick phraſe complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her diſdain?
Who now ſhall godlike Anna's fame diffuſe?
Muſt ſhe when moſt ſhe merits want a Muſe?
Who now our Twyſden's glorious fate ſhall tell,
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?

How while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the ftunning din refound,
Thro' ftreams of fmoke and adverfe fire he rides,
While ev'ry fhot is levell'd at his fides?
How while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the firft front amidft a flaughter'd pile
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle?
Whom fhall I find unbiafs'd in difpute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my foul difclofe,
Reveal my pleafure or difcharge my woes?
Oh! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The beft of fons, of brothers, and of friends.
He facred Friendfhip's ftricteft laws obey'd,
Yet more by confcience than by friendfhip fway'd;
Againft himfelf his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours paft not future profpects gain'd;
Not nicely chufing tho' by all defir'd;
Tho' learn'd not vain, and humble tho' admir'd;
Candid to all, but to himfelf fevere;
In humour pliant as in life auftere;
A wife content his even foul fecur'd,
By want not fhaken nor by wealth allur'd;
To all fincere; tho' earneft to commend
Could praife a rival or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their fpirit, and their ftyles, his own.

Pleas'd the leaſt ſteps of famous men to view
Our authors' works, and lives, and ſouls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the ſame eſteem,
The one his pattern and the one his theme.
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage and Euclid's reaſon join'd.
Judicious phyſick's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas! in vain;
The drugs and plants their drooping maſter fail'd,
Nor goodneſs now nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's ſoul they gave,
And made him ſcorn the life they could not ſave.
  Elſe could he bear unmov'd the fatal gueſt,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppreſt,
The coughs that ſtruggled from his weary breaſt?
Could he unmov'd approaching death ſuſtain,
Its ſlow advances and its racking pain?
Could he ſerene his weeping friends ſurvey,
In his laſt hours his eaſy wit diſplay,
Like the rich fruit he ſings delicious in decay?
  Once on thy friends look down lamented Shade!
And view the honours to thy aſhes paid:
Some thy lov'd duſt in Parian ſtones enſhrine,
Others immortal epitaphs deſign
With wit and ſtrength that only yield to thine.
Ev'n I, tho' ſlow to touch the painful ſtring,
Awake from ſlumber and attempt to ſing.
Thee Philips! thee deſpairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Iſis ſoft complaints returns,

Dormer laments amidſt the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms,
Thee on the Po kind Somerſet deplores,
And ev'n that charming ſcene his grief reſtores,
He to thy loſs each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But moſt at Virgil's tomb his ſwelling ſorrows riſe.
  But you his darling friends lament no more,
Diſplay his fame and not his fate deplore,
And let no tears from erring Pity flow
For one that 's bleſt above immortaliz'd below.

ODE FOR THE YEAR 1705.

I.

Janus, did ever to thy wond'ring eyes
So bright a ſcene of triumph riſe?
Did ever Greece or Rome ſuch laurels wear
As crown'd the laſt auſpicious year?
When firſt at Blenheim Anne her enſigns ſpread,
And Marlb'rough to the field the ſhouting ſquadrons led,
In vain the hills and ſtreams oppoſe,
In vain the hollow ground in faithleſs hillocks roſe;
To the rough Danube's winding ſhore
His ſhatter'd foes the conq'ring hero bore.

II.

They ſee with ſtaring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll the foaming billows riſe;

Amaz'd, aghaſt, they turn, but find
In Marlb'rough's arms a ſurer fate behind.
Now his red ſword aloft impends,
Now on their ſhrinking heads deſcends:
Wild and diſtracted with their fears
They juſtling plunge amidſt the ſounding deeps;
The flood away the ſtruggling ſquadrons ſweeps,
And men, and arms, and horſes, whirling bears.
The frighted Danube to the ſea retreats,
The Danube ſoon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great Anna's fleets.

III.

Rooke on the ſeas aſſerts her ſway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
And clouds of ſmoke involve the day:
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons rore,
And Africk echoes from its diſtant ſhore.
The French, unequal in the fight,
In force ſuperiour take their flight.
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquiſh'd triumph while they fly.

IV.

Now Janus with a future view
The glories of her reign ſurvey,
Which ſhall o'er France her arms diſplay,
And kingdoms now her own ſubdue.
Lewis, for oppreſſion born,
Lewis in his turn ſhall mourn,

While his conquer'd happy ſwains
Shall hug their eaſy wiſh'd-for chains.
Others enſlav'd by victory
Their ſubjects as their foes oppreſs;
Anna conquers but to free,
And governs but to bleſs.

ODE.

ORMOND's glory, Marlb'rough's arms,
All the mouths of Fame employ,
And th' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleaſing ſound:
Their courage warms,
Their conduct charms,
Yet the univerſal joy
Feels a ſenſible alloy!

Mighty George†! the ſenate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's pray'r,
While the ſtroke of Fate we dread
Impending o'er thy ſacred head
The Britiſh youth for thee ſubmit to fear,
For her the dames in cloudy grief appear.

Let the noiſe of war and joy
Rend again the trembling ſky,
Great George revives to calm our fears,
With proſpects of more glorious years;

† George Prince of Denmark, huſband to the Queen.

Deriv'd from Anne's auſpicious ſmiles
More cheerful airs refreſh the Britiſh Iſles.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Tremble France, we come, we come!
Almighty force our courage warms,
We feel the full the pow'rful charms
Of Ormond's glory and of Marlb'rough's arms!

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSICK.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING, IN FIVE PARTS,

For the Degree of Bachelor of Muſick; performed at the Theatre in Oxford on Friday the 11th of July 1707.

MUSICK! ſoft charm of heav'n and earth,
Whence didſt thou borrow thy auſpicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date,
Sire to thyſelf, thyſelf as old as Fate?
Ere the rude ponderous maſs
Of earth and waters from their chaos ſprang
The morning Stars their anthems ſang,
And nought in heav'n was heard but melody and love.

Myriads of ſpirits, forms divine,
The ſeraphin, with the bright hoſt
Of angels, thrones, and heav'nly pow'rs,
Worſhip before th' eternal ſhrine,

Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boaſt,
In love and wonder paſs their bliſsful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine
The maſſy orb in which we ſluggards move
As if ſequeſter'd from the arts divine;
Here 's Muſick too,
As ours a rival were to the world above.

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
And purling ſtreams ſoft accents vent,
And all both time and meaſure know.
Ere ſince the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magick of his art,
Taught trees and foreſts how to move
All Nature has a gen'ral concert held;
Each creature ſtrives to bear a part,
And all but Death and Hell to conq'ring Muſick yield.

But ſtay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peeviſh, odd, eccentrick race,
The glory of the art debaſe;
Perhaps becauſe the ſacred emblem 't is
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dang'rous 't is to be perverſely wiſe.
But be they ever in the wrong
Who ſay the prophet's harp e'er ſpoil'd the poet's ſong.

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now my Muſe! retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit,

And in that ſafe and ſweet retreat
Amongſt Apollo's ſons inquire,
And ſee if any friend of thine be there;
But ſure ſo near the Theſpian ſpring
The humbleſt bard may ſit and ſing:
Here reſt my Muſe, and dwell for ever here.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

Hora dum nondum ſonuit ſecunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores
Sponte recurrit.
Quid priùs noſtris potiúſve chartis
Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulſam redeunte Scriptor
Mitto ſalutem?
Tu meis chartis, bone Percivalle,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor noſtro novitatis ardor;
Tu quoque Scriptor.
Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in ſylvis modo te dediſſe
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli im-
pune ſtetiſſe.
Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
Anne? Ierneis potiora Gazis,
An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,
Scripta ſuperſunt?

Cui legis noſtras, religiſque chartas?
Cui meam laudas generoſitatem?
Quem meis verbis, mea neſcientem,
Mane ſalutas.
Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid Caput ſtertit grave Lambethanum,
Quid Comes Guildford, quid habent novorum
*Dawkſ*que *Dyer*que,
Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam viſit, lacrimanſque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, ſubito peremptum
Funere Rixon.
Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hoſpitem notæ periiſſe Mitræ;
Narrat immerſam prope limen urbis
Flumine cymbam.
Narrat—at portis meus Hinton aſtat,
Nuncius Pricket redit, avocat me
Sherwin, et ſcribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ.

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

Qualis ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hoſpes
Quum ſacras primum ſubit aut relinquit
Iſidis arces,
Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
Læva, quùm cantu propriore ſtrident

Miffiles et jam moneant adeffe
Cornua, chartas,
Tale per noftrum jecur et medullas
Gaudium fluxit, fimul ac reclufis
Vinculis vidi benè literati
Nomen amici.
Obvios fures, uti fama verax
Rettulit, fenfi pavidus tremenfque;
Sed fui, fumque, excipias timorem,
Cætera fofpes.
Scire fi fylvam cupias pericli
Confciam, et triftes nemoris tenebras,
Confulas lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce Colum.
Flebilis legi miferanda docti
Fata pictoris, fed et hôc iniqua
Damna confolor, fupereft perempto
Rixone Wildgoofe.
Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem
Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,
Anna præftabit, nifi fors Ierni
Hofpita Cygni.
Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, fimùl ambulanti
Plaudo Sherwino, pueroque Davo
Mitto falutem,
Jenny, poft Hinton, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,

Qui tibi totus vacat, et vacabit,
Nec vetat Uxor.
Hæc ego luſi properante Muſâ
Leſbiæ vatis numeros ſecutus,
Si novi quid ſit, meliùs docebit
Sermo pedeſtris.

P. S.

" Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
" Multa qui de te memorant cucullos
" Inter, et pulli, vice literarum,
" Crus tibi mittunt."

POCOCKIUS.

Dum cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum Pococki barbíton exigis.
Manéſque Muſam faſtuoſam
Sollicitant pretioſiores.
Alter virentum prorurat agmina
Sonora Thracum, donáque Phillidi
Agat puellas, heu decoris
Virginibus nimis invidenti.
Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
Ardor ferendæ, ſanctaque Veritas
Per ſaxa, per pontum, per hoſtes
Præcipitant Aſiæ miſertum:
Cohors catenis quà pia ſtridulis
Gemunt onuſti, vel ſude trans ſinum

Luctantur actâ, pendulíve
Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.
Sentis ut edunt ſibila, ut ardui
Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
Intorquet ungues, ejulátque
In madido crocodilus antro
Vides lacunæ ſulphure lividos
Ardere fluctus, quà ſtetit impiæ
Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
Houſta rubrâ, pluviiſque flammis:
Quòd iſta tellus ſi ſimiles tibi
Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,
Adhuc ſtetiſſet, nec vibrato
Dextra Dei tonuiſſet igne.
Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, creſcentibúſque
Vertice ſidéribus propinquum.
Nequicquam: Amici diſparibus ſonis
Eludit aures neſcius artifex,
Linguáſque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris.
Veſtitur hinc tot ſermo coloribus,
Quot tu, Pococki, diſſimilis tui
Orator effers, quot viciſſim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam ſenex
Percurrit æſtu raptus, ut arcibus
Non jam ſuperbis, et verendis

Indoluit Solimæ ruinis,
Quis corda pulſans tunc pavor hauſerat
Dolor quis arſit non ſine gaudio,
Cum buſta Chriſti provolutus
Ambiguis lachrymis rigaret!
Sacratur arbos multa Pocockio,
Locóſque monſtrans inquiet accola.
Hæc quercus Hoſeam ſupinum,
Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
Hîc audierunt gens venerabilem
Ebræa Moſen, inde Pocockium
Non ore, non annis minorem,
Atque ſuam didicere linguam.
Ac ſicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, et cineres ſinu
Eructat ardenti, et pruinis
Contiguas rotat Ætna flammas;
Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
Sequi reluctantem Iſcolem
Per tonitru, aëreáſque nubes
Annon paveſcis, dum tuba pallidum
Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
Caligat aſtrum, atque incubanti
Terra nigrans tegitur ſub umbrâ?
Quod agmen! heu quæ turma ſequacibus
Tremenda flammis! quis ſtrepitantium
Flictus rotarum eſt! O Pococki
Egregie! O animoſe Vatis

Interpres abstrusi! O simili ferè
Correpte flammâ! te, quot imagine
Crucis notantur, te, subacto
Christicolæ gravis Ottomannus
Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
Plorat revulsis, et fragosos
Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
Quà Gesta nondum cognita Cæsaris,
Quà nec Matronis scripta, Pocockius
Ploratur ingens, et dolenda
Nestoreæ brevitas senectæ.

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THE END.

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